

# Canibus, Gun Clap

Yo, I do thumb push ups till hands numb  
then I get in the club, they ban the rum  
Crush rapper groups this how cloak N dagga do  
After this reboot, we emcee Proof  
Rhymes on deck, check the chart specs  
light your ass up, it ain't even dark yet  
Its hard to digest high-tech rhyme specs  
Design techs ain't seen nothin' like mine yet  
Great, got the last crate, motor voice box in stock  
since you want that I give you what I got  
We stand by the burn-barrel  
tryin to stay warm and act natural  
Soldiers do what they have to  
Do Re, Mi, Fa, So, La, C  
I sing it to myself till I fall asleep  
Walkin' is restricted, everybody crawl or creep  
there's been a sniper on the loose for a week  
Park my striker on the street,  
open the hatch, stand on the seat  
catch an RPG with my teeth  
where for art thou noble emcee  
we seek, your blood we drink your flesh we eat  
too strong, the unicorn with bull-horns  
destroy a million, civilian new cars  
bite the flesh out the beast neck like T-Rex  
with mince-meats a row of teeth three feet thick  
sleepless nights, bed-less sleeps  
My belief is anything with teeth got a right to eat  
A-Yo dagga, the beat sick talk that street shit  
When the jeeps on the strip pussy meet dick  
satellites watch me they think they got me  
right hands turn, left shoulder's around but its not me  
what up papi? shot up on the block, cocky  
in hotels my cloak drag across the lobby  
pick the beat up on my back my knees crack  
ma' fucka we the sickest emcees in rap  
Cloak And Dagga that scatter raps across the map  
its like that!